



BY H. T. WHITE.

RUTLAND, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1844,

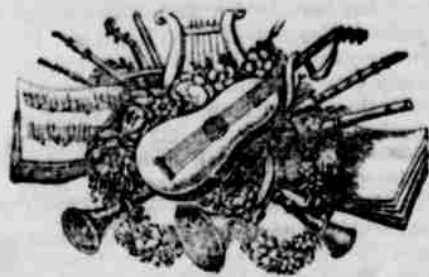
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A PARENT'S PRAYER.

BY REV. LEONARD WITHINGTON.

At this hushed hour, when all my children sleep,
Here, in thy presence, gracious God, I kneel;
And, while the tears of gratitude I weep,
Would pour the prayer which gratitude must feel;
Parental love! O set thy holy seal
On these soft hearts which thou to me hast sent;
Repel temptation, guard their better weal;
Be thy pure spirit to their frailty lent,
And lead them in the path their infant Savior went:

I ask not for them eminence or wealth—
For these, in wisdom's view, are trifling toys,
But occupation, competence and health,
Thy love, thy presence, and the lasting joys
That flow therefrom; the passion which employs
The breast of holy men; and thus to be
From all that taints, or darkens, or destroys,
The strength of principle forever free;
Thine is the better boon, O God, I ask of thee.

This world I know is but a narrow bridge,
And treacherous waters roar and foam below,
With feeble feet we walk the wooden ridge,
Some fall by accident, and thousands throw
Their bodies headlong in the hungry stream,
Some sink by secret means, and never know
The hand which struck them from their transient dream,
Till wisdom wakes in death, and in despair they scream.

If these soft feet, which now these footsteps press,
Are doomed the paths of ruin soon to tread;
If vice, concealed in her unspotted dress,
If soon to turn to her polluted bed—
If thy foreseeing eye descends a thread
Of sable guilt, impelling on their doom,
O spare them not—in mercy strike them dead—
Prepare for them as early, welcome tomb,
Nor for eternal blight let thy false bosom bloom.

But if some useful path before them lie
Where they may walk obedient to thy laws,
Though never basking in ambition's eye,
And pampered never with the world's applause,
Active, yet humble, virtuous too, the cause
Of virtue in the dwellings where they dwell,
Still following where thy Perfect Spirit draws,
Releasing others from the hands of hell—
If this be life, then let them longer live, 'tis well.

And teach me Power Supreme, in their green days,
With meekest skill, thy lessons to impart;
To shun the harlot, and to show the maze
Through her honeyed accents reach the heart.
Help them to learn, without the bitter smart
Of bad experience, vice to decline—
From treachery, falsehood, knavery, may they start
As from a hidden snake—from woman, wise—
From all the guilty gang with which such scenes combine.

How soft they sleep, what innocent repose
Rests on their eyelids, from what sorrows free,
Sweet babes, the curtain I would not unclose,
Which wraps the future, from your minds, and me—
But, heavenly Father, leaving them with Thee,
Whether on high or low may be their lot,
Or early death, or life awaits them,—be
Thy Guardian, Savior, Guide, and d be the spot
Where they shall live or die—till death, forsake them not.

Though Persecution's aches o'er them spread,
Or sickness undermine, consuming slow—
Though they should least the life their Savior led,
And his deep poverty be doomed to know—
Whatever thou shalt order, let them go—
I give them up to thee—they are not mine—
And I could call the swiftest wings to blow
To bear them from me to the Pole or Line,
In distant lands to plant the Gospel's bleeding shrine.

When as a scroll, these heavens shall pass away,
When the cold grave shall offer up its trust,
When seas shall burn, and the last dreadful day,
Restores the spirit to its scattered dust,
Then thou most merciful, as well as just,
Let not my eye, when elements are tossed
In wild confusion, see the darkest, worst
Of painful sight, that ever parent crossed—
Hear my sad, earnest prayer, and let not mine be lost.

FARMER'S BOYS.

There is a wholesome change going on in the public sentiment, which promises to do much for the improvement of the country and the condition of the people. We mean the change which is taking place among the young in relation to the great work of tilling the soil. A few days ago, and the young men left their father's farms as soon as the could get away from them—and the fathers themselves not unfrequently encouraged them in it. A hard hand and a sunburnt face were deemed poor recommendations in life; and more "genteel" mode of getting a living were sought by the young. But they are beginning to look at the matter in a different light. The dull times through which we have passed, lately have opened their eyes to the fact, that after all, there is nothing like a farmer to stand through all times, as they are quite content to stay at home. The result will be, that our farms will be better cultivated, and produce more—that large farms that are not half cultivated, will be divided, and well husbanded—and that we shall have a large and virtuous population scattered all over our fertile hills.—*Nashua Telegraph.*

LOW FARE AND HIGH DIVIDEND.—The packet boat line between Syracuse and Utica carried passengers the past season between the two places, sixty miles for one dollar and furnished lodgings. A dividend of forty per cent has been declared on the receipts. This demonstrates the increased profit of low fare.—*[Rochester Democrat.]*

Death in the White House.

FROM THE CITIZEN SOLDIER.

Tread softly with a solemn footstep, whisper your words in a low voice, and let your breath be hushed; for the air of the chamber is heavy with death, and the faces of all you see are stamped with grief, and the suppressed sob of the women, and the deep death groan of the strong man in mortal agony, mingle their notes of woe, breaking on your ear like voices from the grave, and all around is still and sad and fearful—for the HERO is dying. His keen eye which a month ago met the gaze of millions hailing him, in all the pomp of civic triumph, as their Leader and their Ruler, is now glazing with the chill of death, and his soul is passing from the Visible to the Awful Unseen.

He is dying! The light of the breaking day falls dimly through the half closed shutters, the lamp burns with a sickly glare, and in the mingled light appear the faces of the watchers by the bedside of the dying, faces wan and ghastly with prolonged anxiety and anguish.

He is dying—his face, turned towards the heavens, is pale and wan, the cheeks are hollowed, the eye sunken; and the brow damp with the dew of death, with the masses of grey hairs falling back from its outline stands out boldly in the light, speaking much of the might of the Hero's mind, while the whitening lip, the convulsive throb trembling along the length of his face, the heaving chest and throat straining with the death rattle all announce the passage of the grave, and healed the approaching of the Skeleton God.

And around him gathered the friends of his path, the sharers of his triumph—there was WEBSTER with his towering brow and eagle eye, there CRITTENDEN and EWING and GRANGER men of mind from all parts of this wide Union; and there, with a face stamped with genius, and marked with a high honesty of purpose, GEORGE E. BADGER, the pride of North Carolina, and all here gathered around the bedside to see the mighty man fight his last battle, and after having battled Death an hundred times in the field, after having battled with enemies more bitter than death with slaver with falsehood, with low cultivation, the hero was at last yielding to the final victor of all, whose throne is on the skulls of nations and whose sway is over the realms of Time.

He was dying! A month ago, his footsteps had topped the highest rock in the steep pathway of human ambition; a month ago and his name had gone forth to all the world as the Ruler of the Great Land of the New World of Freedom month ago he had stood on the Capitol; and his gaze had been met by the gaze of millions, and the earthquake shout of a free people had sounded in his ear and filled the clear heavens above and now—the short space of a single moon had waned—the insignia of Power had scarce grown cold—the last shout was yet sounding in the ear and he was summoned by a mightier than the kings or the people to the throne of the Eternal God.

He was dying! And the scenes of the terrible night of Tippecanoe were again around him, the dark and fearful night, when the yell of the savage and the gleam of the scalping knife were in his camp; again he led his riflemen to the quick struggle of life for life, again he shouted the watchword of the charge, and a faint smile stole over the lips of the dying man, as again he beheld the banner of stars and stripes in triumph.

Hark!—a faint murmur breaks from his lips—his hands clutch nervously at the vacant air. He is again beside the Thames. He is again with JOHNSON and SHELBY; he is again beside PERRY; and again the blue smoke of the rifle winds up from the green woods, and the war whoop of the Indian sweeps along the plain.—Then the terrible contest! the sweep of Dick Johnson's mounted Riflemen in their hurricane charge again pass before his eye and the old Hero would shout for joy, but the death rattle is in his throat, and the death dew on his brow.

He is dying! For his death, the bright eyes of woman shall be dim with tears, and aged men shall weep, and a nation will be sad, and gloom and civil corruption and legalized anarchy shall pass like a ball of gloom over the land, and yet the fiat has gone forth. God has spoken it, and the Hero dies yet the rejoicings of the nation are lost to his ear.

And in that terrible moment, when his hands were interlocked with the hands of death, when his mind was armed to supernatural vigor, and the Past and Future mingled in his vision, then the thought of his country arose on his mind, then the thought of the trust placed in his hands by the people burdened his soul, and with the last struggle for life, he imagined a man with noble heart and resolute soul standing before him, he imagined a successor of mind and intellect, and the words broke from his lips—"I wish you to understand the true principles of Government—I ask you to carry them out—I ask nothing more!"

"THE DEEDS OF A GOOD MAN LIVE AFTER HIS DEATH."—It is stated on authority which we cannot question, that Amos Lawrence, Esq., of this city, has presented to Williams College, the sum of five thousand dollars, through the Rev. Dr. Hopkins, its President. Mr. Lawrence has long been distinguished for his active benevolence and reasonable charities: he is emphatically a faithful steward under Providence, and in the city of Boston, an almoner to the poor. Although in feeble health, we pray that his valuable existence may be prolonged whilst life shall have one remaining charm, and that the odour of his spotless reputation may descend to those who inherit his name.—*[Boston Trav.]*

Olden Time.

It is interesting to look back upon New England history, some two centuries, and observe the rigid supervision which was exercised by the Fathers of the colonies, over the employments, habits and morals of the people. Many of their legal enactments would unquestionably be unjust and tyrannical, imposed upon a community surrounded by more auspicious circumstances, and possessing a better knowledge of the science of government, and doubtless these were in earlier days of the settlement, some admirers of the largest liberty of human action, who were anything but strenuous advocates of a strict construction of such straight jacket, body mortifying regulations. And the motives which influenced the law makers of that day and generation, are above reproach; their legal restraints were designed to meet the common want, and were productive of general order and virtue. Some specimens of the civil discipline of the colony of Plymouth, (united to Massachusetts in 1691) are subjoined.

In 1626, the exportation of corn, beans and peas, were prohibited and the employment of mechanics regulated.

In 1635, it was enacted that none should become house-keepers, or build cottages without the consent of the Governor and Assistants. The same authority was afterward granted to select men of towns.

In 1633, laborers' wages were fixed at twelve pence per day with board, and eighteen pence per day without it.

In 1693, the constables were ordered to look after all persons who slept in church, and report their names to the General Court. The progress of popular freedom in this respect, is astonishing.

Chevers and smokers had to pay a heavy duty on their favorite indulgence, unless they smuggled their tobacco into their port of entry. In 1639, it was enacted, that if any one was found or seen taking tobacco in the streets, or in any building, or field, within a mile of a dwelling house, he should be fined twelve pence, and in default of pecuniary means for satisfying justice, he was to be put in the stocks or whipped. In 1641, importation of tobacco for home consumption was prohibited. In 1650, it was provided that every Juror who used tobacco should be fined five shillings. What was the supposed antagonistic influence of the use of this weed upon the faithful exercise of their judgment, is left only to curious conjecture. In 1669 it was enacted that every person found smoking in the streets on the Lord's day, going to or returning from meeting, within two miles of the meeting house, should be fined twelve pence.

In one respect it must be admitted that the early settlers of New England suffer by a comparison with their more patriotic descendants; we mean in their reluctance to hold public office. In 1632 a law passed, that if any one was elected to the office of Governor, and refused to serve, he should be fined £20; and a provision was inserted, that no person should be required to serve two years in succession. How it would have cheered the hearts of those who were witnesses of such occasional reluctance to serve the public, could they have looked forward a couple of centuries, and seen a high appointing power receiving thousands of applications.

CITY PUBLISHERS VS. COUNTRY PRINTERS.

Pending the next Presidential campaign several political newspaper publishers in New York are making great efforts to circulate their sheets to the detriment and perhaps "ruination" of country printers. This is unfair. It would seem as though these barons of the press might be satisfied with the large city circulation and immense advertising patronage they enjoy without grudging inland publishers the crumbs of custom they receive.

Village newspapers are necessary both to impart local intelligence, and as a medium for local advertisements. They can get a comfortable support, even on small capital, unless city periodicals enter into competition; in which case they too often doze through a sickly existence, and die a premature death. This should not be, and will not, when a hearty, generous, yet discriminating support is extended to them. Lend a helping hand to your own papers then, since you cannot dispense with them, and they will go on their way rejoicing.

"But" says one as he opens a New York Tribune, or weekly Courier and Enquirer, "city newspapers are more interesting; and there is more reading in them." There may be more space in city papers, but how is this space filled? Do they tell you what concerns yourself—of deaths and marriages in your own vicinity—of auction sales of property in which you feel an interest—of gains by lucky bargain and frugal industry—of losses by fire and flood—of our neighbors commencing business or his bankruptcy—or some fortunate farming experiment, or dreadful accident? the actors in all which events you know and therefore love to hear about?—None of these. City prints may tell you a great deal about what happens where they are published, and in other large places; but you find little or nothing in them of immediate interest to yourself. Now we appeal to any candid man, whether a paper giving an account of "matters and things" in one's own neighborhood would not be sought and read with deeper interest than any city publication! Certainly—even as one had rather hear a single item of news concerning his native place when absent therefrom than peruse a dozen of the "horrid murders," "shocking accidents," "dreadful shipwrecks," and "destructive fires" with which city editors delight to nauseate their readers.

If city papers are even more interesting than country sheets, and if there is ever less ability displayed in the latter than in the former, it is when the country publisher is "driven to the wall" for his just dues. No man can compose or select with a cheerful heart and a clear head, when "out of sorts" (to use an expressive technical phrase) and it is no wonder, amid the many delinquencies of his subscribers, that a village editor should let his paper go to the (printer's) d—l. But for all this, perchance the very individual who complains of it is partially at fault, and the very next person we hear complain about the dullness of the Phoenix or Democrat or Journal, we mean to ask if he has paid for his subscriber! Settle with the printer punctually, and we will warrant you an interesting, lively sheet.

Their comparatively small size is no argument against country papers, since they are usually selected with care, and their original articles well written and to the point. A little sheet well filled, is like "a little farm well tilled"—what there is of it is improved to the best advantage. Whence, therefore, comes this preference for a city newspaper entertained by many? We think it arises in the wish to be *aristo-eratic* and the idea that it is more so to receive a city print by mail, than to have a country paper left at one's door by the carrier, or sent by stage. Many also think it beneath their dignity to show any interest in a publication not issued in some great city, hundreds of miles distant. A village paper with ever so much local news, has no charms for these would-be magnates—oh no. But some New York or Boston Daily though all advertisements and shipping intelligence, and police reports, yields them more information than any thing else possibly could.

We do not make these remarks from any jealousy of the city press, for we are so firmly established in the good will of this community, that we fear no competition from without. But we sympathize with the *sane* portion of "the art preservative of all arts," who are engaged as country publishers; and deem the subject of such importance to them as to demand this article from us.—*Asylum Journal*

Let the inhabitants of cities as well as the farmers, read this. It is an extract from the Philadelphia correspondence of the National Intelligencer.

"Mr. Drew, the Editor of the Maine Farmer, cultivates but a single acre of land, the produce of which suffices in chief for the support of a large family. One third of the acre he devotes to corn, which he selects of the most profitable species, and raises after the most approved and modern plan. He manures the land well, and plants by measurement. This third of an acre has yielded for several years thirty bushels of corn for grinding, besides a small quantity for fattening swine. The quantity is all his family needs. The same piece of ground yields two or three loads of pumpkins for the table, and for a cow and the swine, besides a sufficient supply of dry white beans for family use. On a small portion of land about a dozen rods square, he raises on the average sixty bushels of onions, which bring in the market a sufficient sum for the purchase of wheat and rye flour. Thus the corn and onion patch supply Mr. Drew's family with all their bread. Two other beds are devoted to mangel wurtzel and carrots, of which about fifty bushels are raised for the cow's winter provender, which is more than returned in the milk and butter. A potato-patch yields all that is needed for the table and a surplus for the live stock. So far the pork and poultry, the bread, milk, butter and chief vegetables, are supplied, leaving sufficient space for the cultivation of turnips, cabbages, beans, peas, cucumbers, melons, etc., and a few choice apple, pear and other fruit trees. All this is the produce of a single acre, worked mostly by a single pair of hands! Is not Mr. Drew to be envied? In his glorious independence, how must he pity the multitudes of idlers who throng the cities, and who have found too late that the profession of a non-producer is a miserable lottery, with a million blanks to single prize! Yet, what Mr. Drew achieves almost any one may do. Until more actually pursue a similar course, it will be vain to talk of permanent change of the times."

Old Grimes is Dead.—Ephraim Grimes of Hubbardston, whom every body in all this region knows as "Old Grimes" and whom thousands have coupled with the subject of the trite song "old Grimes is dead"—died at the Alms House in that town on Thursday of last week, aged eighty five. Few individuals have ever attained a grater notoriety in this and the adjoining countries, and none ever deserved it better. There are thousand traditional tales of his merry mischievous tricks which are true, and more devilry of which he was probably never guilty as ascribed to him than to any necromancer or an earthly spirit of old. He had a brain fitter than any other man's for the devil's workshop, and the great conjurer was always busy there. From high to low, from the clergy to the crockery shop, from even the courts of justice to church deacons in their seat, no one was safe from "one of old Grimes' tricks." The pillory, the stocks and even the House of Correction were utterly insufficient to restrain his mischief making propensity. Wherever he went, it seemed as if the devil were let loose. Not that his tricks were malicious, but in ingenuity of device and power of annoyance, they rivalled the capacity of the father of mischief. We well remember when crowds have been taken with the ache from laughter at the narration of his exploits.

During the latter part of his life, old Grimes was a dependant on the pauper support of his native town. The light of his genius had expired, his right hand forgot its cunning and the lie no longer rolled glibly from his tongue. Yet the reputation of his former deeds yet survive (and long will) and rendered him an object of curiosity. Even when the spirit had departed and the good people of Hubbardston had seen him "safely under ground," they left the graveyard looking over their shoulders, it is said, least this last scene of his eventful life might prove to be but "another of old Grimes' tricks."—*Barre Gaz.*

EXTRAORDINARY INSTANCE OF DISEASE AND SUFFERING.—The Newark Gazette furnishes the following account of an extraordinary instance of disease and suffering:—

We have to record one of the most remarkable instances of human distortion that have ever come within the scope of our observation and reading. The subject of our remarks is Mr. Uriah Ambler, who died in this town on Thursday morning last. Mr. A. was a house carpenter, and by exposure when in a heated and excited state of body, about nine years since, became a prey to that racking disease, the Rheumatism. During nearly the whole of this long period he was confined to his room and bed, enduring an amount and intensity of pain and suffering which have seldom fallen to the lot of humanity.

His disease in its progress dislocated nearly, or quite, every joint in his body, causing the bones to protrude from their places, and in some instances to project nearly an inch from the surface and for four years nearly deprived him entirely of sight. It was but an every day business and not unfrequently, we believe, repeated many times a day, to replace the joints which were constantly flying from their natural position and relationship.—After death we had a slight examination of the body, and a description of it will convey to the mind of the reader some idea of the nature of the disease, which could produce such a pitiable piece of deformity. We found it in the position which, for a long time previous to death was the only one in which it could lie. On the right side the head and shoulders curved forward, and the legs drawn up. The bones in the feet and legs were displaced and distorted, the spine much curved, disfigured and disjoined, the shoulders out of place, the arms at the elbows in the same situation, while in the case of one, if not both the hands, a right angle was formed with the wrist.

The fingers were drawn from the middle joint in opposite directions, the upper half being drawn inward towards the palm, while the lower half formed a complete curve outward. The disfigurement extended even to the nails, which scarcely had a resemblance to nature. One of the attending physicians has informed us that the only place he could find to get at the pulsation of the body, was at the carotid artery of the neck.

Not only was our subject a monument of human suffering, but we learn from several sources that he was equally a monument of meek, patient and uncomplaining endurance. He murmured not at his hard lot, but with a soul imbued with the elevating and sustaining consolation of religion, he committed himself entirely to that God who is gracious in the midst of afflictions, but whose ways are inscrutable and beyond human intelligence.—Poor man? while we drop a tear of commiseration over his earthly sorrows, we rejoice in God for the hope that this is a blessed immortality.—

Destruction of Tea.—Boston harbor was yesterday made the scene of another destruction of tea; but in this case the tea did not belong to the British, nor were the actors disguised as Indians. Neither will the event live in history like its prototype, and be hailed from father to son as a theme of exultation. The tea destroyed yesterday, was that seized by the city authorities some two weeks ago, on suspicion that it was poisoned by impregnation oxalic acid. Some fifty odd packages were condemned, and the personal inspection of Dr. Smith the Port Physician, passed under the ice, of the channel near South Boston Bridge.—As dealers in the herb say—the tea "drawed" well, for there was a large concourse of spectators to witness the immersion.—*[Bay State Democrat.]*

A child with Whiskers.—We copied a paragraph from the Rockville, (Md.) Journal a few days ago giving an account of a remarkable child with whiskers. The Journal of Friday last, after stating that its truth had been questioned says: "Although we have not seen this wonderful prodigy, we can vouch for the truth of our statements, from the facts we have gathered from respectable gentlemen who have seen it, as well as the attending physician. Instead of exaggeration in the description given us, we fall far short of the truth. The child which is four weeks old, healthy and likely to live, has not only whiskers on both sides of its face nearly meeting under the chin, and as long and thick as any dandy would be proud of, but its forehead, back, shoulders and breast completely covered with hair as thick as lambs wool. As remarkable as this may seem, the facts are as we have stated them. The child is to be christened Esau Bushrod."

Poisoned Wool.—We learn that in Saxonsville in this State, within a short time, six deaths have occurred of persons who are supposed to have caught a disease from picking over wool, which came from Smyrna, some months ago. There are now three persons sick from the same cause, but they are doing well. The people are much excited, and say it is the plague. The doctors have made examinations and pronounce it to be the inflammatory fever, caused by the dust from the wool. The agent of the factory has stopped using the wool for the present.—*[Boston Cour.]*

Singular Death. A gentleman named Richard P. Hart, met with a singular death in Troy, N. Y. recently. He was in a vapor bath, and the curtain which enclosed it took fire. A servant who was present threw upon it what he considered a glass of water, but it unfortunately proved to be alcohol, which so increased the violence of the flames, as to burn Mr. Hart to a degree that caused his death.